



Psychopath



 9  1  2

Chapter 1 by MICHAEL WILBORN

The cold air sweeps through the night, covering me in a freezing blanket. I barely feel it. My blood is pumping fast, and I can barely hear myself think. I can feel something in my hand. It's weighted and curved. I can barely make out a shape in the moonlight. A steel blade reflects a crimson red light onto my face. It is covered in blood, but I know it is not mine. I look down at your lifeless body, curled up in such an innocent position. At least your existence on this doomed planet was quick. Humans all living ugly lives, only to end up beautiful as the life drains from their eyes. That is the reason for our miserable existence. I have become Death, and I am here to free you all.

Chapter 2 by Edien Adamaz



The thought of blood in the simplest form, excites me. And no, I don't see myself as a monster or any other label society depicts towards a soul as I, but more so I see myself as an entity. An entity that justifies death by taking the life of trash. Honestly I think society should be thanking me as I twirl this sterile blade in my hand. God, I feel like a kid in a candy shop just picking out which pool of blood my feet will be covered in next. I take a deep breath in as I prey out my next victim.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(a870788d6ed9b8fd294b7654a8c8526b_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(18065afa4ef6662bca9f3f6088f7de30_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(b985170eefb48b9b3ef593e79310e8f5_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account